My wrist watch begins to beep, forcing me to jump back into reality; it is 2 AM. I sigh in disbelief. I’ve been sitting on this street corner for the last hour and a half. I look up at the street sign to my right; it reads Boxer’s Avenue. ‘Where the heck is Boxer’s Avenue?’ I ask myself, frustrated. It is a chilly, October night and the autumn wind slices by, inflicting pain on my uncovered cheeks. I caress them clumsily, transmitting the warmth of my palms to the numb layer of skin on my face. I think back to the taxi ride. I had dozed off unwittingly into a deep, unconscious sleep. When I awoke, I found myself prodded against a street lamp, divested of my money and belongings. I clasp my hands together and stand up. I close my eyes and open them slowly, taking my time. ‘It’s going to be alright’ I tell myself. And slowly, I begin to look around, deciding on my course of action. It is a filthy, despicable street. Old, lifeless red brick buildings stand cuddled together side by side. Turning to my left, I begin to walk in long strides up the street. I pass a pile of uncollected garbage that sits rotting on the sidewalk. The side of the garbage bag has been torn open, exposing the raw insides. Mice are scurrying around it. I look away, disgusted. In the distance I see clouds of foul smoke creeping up from the sewer. Its silhouette is haunting and mysterious. Across the street, a beggar sleeps on folds of old mottled cardboard. I think about how cold he must be curled up in pieces of old newspaper. Just then, a black stray cat with penetrating red eyes skips out from nowhere. I squeal in fright, and jump up off the ground instinctively. It scowls at me and disappears through the small alleyway to my left. I begin to feel scared. Cold sweat forms on my eyebrows and rolls down along the sides of my cheeks. I wipe them off with my hands, but find that my palms are also clammy and cold. I wipe my hands on the sides of my black dress pants. Something catches my eye; a busted seam right above my left knee. I examine it closely. The string that had come undone hangs to the side lifelessly, creating an opening through which I can see the pale surface of my leg. I had told Margaret to fix it a few days ago. Obviously she had not found the time to do so. The thought of Margaret soothes my anxiety. I think about how worried she is right now. I imagine her pacing around the living room, unsure of what to do, waiting. Waiting for me to come home and get in bed. ‘This is going nowhere’ I tell myself. I turn around and walk back towards Boxer’s Avenue. Hopefully, I will hitch a ride from a passing car or something. Just then, a jut on the sidewalk catches my foot off guard. I go sprawling on all fours. My hands land hard on the sidewalk. My knee scrapes against the raw concrete and the busted seam of my dress pants rips open wide. I roll over on my back, embracing my knee in pain. Red blood oozes from the chafed part of the skin. I cringe at the sight. I lay my head on the ground. I do not bother to get up. I look up at the sky and watch the clouds go by. I am exhausted. I shut my eyes. ‘When I wake up, I’ll be cuddled in bed, blankets drawn up to my neck’ I tell myself. I let my hands come to rest by my sides. I feel comfortable.